11-7269-A

19 September 1959

Mr. Daniel Letourneau

STAT [redacted]

Dear Mr. Letourneau:

Thank you for your letter of 26 August inquiring further into my recollections in connection with the history you are preparing of Admiral Canaris.

I cannot give you an exact date when I first met Hans Gisevius nor an exact date when he first informed me of the plans to assassinate Hitler. I first met Gisevius sometime early in 1943 and he advised me of the specific plot against Hitler of July 20, 1944, a week or ten days before that date. The communications I received from Washington in response to my reporting on the plot are not now available to me.

With regard to Gisevius' present whereabouts, I understand that he has left the United States and I believe he is now residing in Germany.

Sincerely,

Allen W. Dulles

STAT O/DCI/[redacted] rad 17 Sep 59
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(EXECUTIVE REGISTRY)

STAT [redacted]

Dear Mr. Detourneau:

Thank you for your letter of 26 August inquiring further into my recollections in connection with the history you are preparing of Admiral Canaris.

I cannot give you an exact date when I first met Hans Gisevius nor an exact date when he first informed me of the plans to assassinate Hitler. I first met Gisevius sometime in January of 1943 and it was during that month or early in February that he advised me of the plot against Hitler but I am unable to specify the precise dates. Likewise, I cannot respond to your request for the exact text of the reply I received from Washington in response to my reporting on the plot since this material is not available to me.

With regard to Gisevius' present whereabouts, I understand that he has left the United States and is now residing somewhere in Germany.

Sincerely,

Allen W. Dulles
Director

STAT O/DCI [redacted] rad 17 Sep 59

Distribution:
Orig - Addressee
1 - DCI
1 - FMC
1 - ER w/basic

STAT

[redacted]

Wednesday, 26 August 1959

Dr. Allen W. Dulles
Director, Central Intelligence Agency
Washington 25, D. C.

Not available

Personal

Dear Mr. Dulles

I received your valued letter of 20 August just this morning. I want to express my great gratitude for the personal opinion you gave me on Admiral Canaris. You may rest assured, Mr. Dulles, that your opinion will have a place in my history.

Attached is a photostatic copy of an article published in True Magazine for September 59, which discusses your present position and describes your career. Perhaps you have already read this article; but I wanted to send it to you in case you had not. No doubt it will amuse you.

In connection with this article, I should be very much interested in knowing the exact date when Gisevius contacted you for the first time and told you about the plans for the plot against Hitler. I should also like to obtain the exact text of the reply from Washington in answer to your telegram about the plot. In the same connection, if you could obtain for me the present address of Gisevius, who, I understand, is living in [redacted], I should be delighted. You could also be of great help to me if you could identify for me some of the allied Intelligence officers who had contacts with the ABWEHR during the war of 1939-1945.

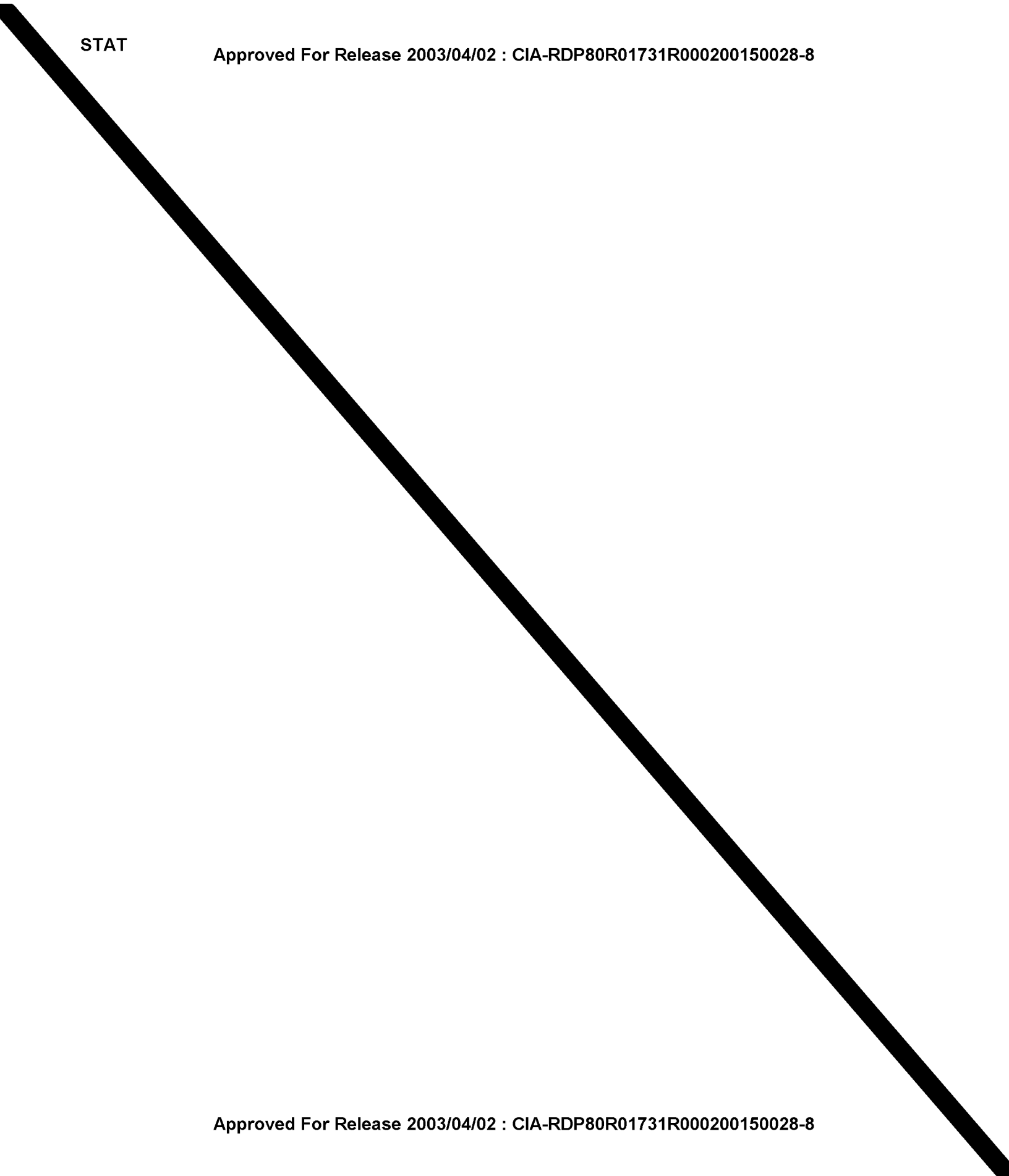
STAT

Please forgive me for making such demands on your kindness. I am looking forward with great interest to your reply.

Cordially yours,

Daniel Létourneau

1 Enclosure



Approved For Release 2003/04/02 : CIA-RDP80R01731R000200150028-8

Monsieur Allen W. Dulles

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His only son, Allen fought in Korea; received a near-fatal head wound.

Dulles' intelligence reports upset many theorists, including late brother, John.

ALLEN DULLES:

Working mostly in the dark, this "tweedy old gentleman" has hatched more plots than Mickey Spillane— and his crack CIA is slowly driving the Russians crazy

By WILLIAM NATHAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Having just met Allen Welsh Dulles at a Washington cocktail party, the young matron turned to her husband with a disappointed pout. "Why," she complained, he doesn't look like a spy at all. He looks just like Teddy Roosevelt, only his teeth are straight."

Neither the remark nor the reaction was original. To many people who know Dulles only casually, it seems incredible that this tweedy old gentleman should be in charge of the most searching and far-flung undercover network ever organized by a free country. His looks, which are those of an aging leading man, and his personality, which verges on the jaunty, are just about the last qualities one expects to find in a master spy.

Dulles's appearance, in short, throws people off stride. And that's exactly the way he wants it. Intelligence means, in its broader meaning, a relentless search for the ultimate dope on the powerful man who can be talked into telling you what he knows. The chief of any intelligence service must take it for granted that the enemy is also constantly probing for the chink in his armor, the flaw through which his personality can be read and his behavior predicted.

All bugtime spies therefore go out of their way to be as uncontactable as possible. The good ones reveal no chinks. The great ones flash a chink or two, and then chop off the neck which cranes for a closer look. This latter technique is for virtuosos only. It is a technique which Dulles employs with all the aplomb of a Dean Jagger or Stan Musial.

Allen, like his late brother, former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, has been a Wall Street lawyer, and this may be where he developed the manner which can be described as a mixture of tennis champion, headmaster and business tycoon. The firm handclasp, the clapping hands, the level gaze and mellow speech betray little of the gray genius which has made him the preeminent spy of our times.

Dulles wears rumpled, readymade tweeds, a soft nous

America's Global Sherlock

tache and round rimless spectacles. His smooth skin usually bears a faint tan, the result of occasional outdoor weekends at his summer home in Lloyd Neck, L. I. He loves sailing on choppy, often treacherous Long Island Sound, and is fond of toning up his muscles with a fast round of [illegible], employing the cheerful killer instinct he developed on the tennis courts of Princeton.

A visitor to Dulles' modest, gray [illegible] office in Washington's Foggy Bottom is likely to be regaled with a tennis story or to join his host in a melancholy discussion of the latest misfortunes of the Washington Senators, to whom Dulles pays a sad loyalty. With his easy courtesy and [illegible] good breeding, Dulles seems strangely remote from the cares of a moody world. A good many people have come away from an interview in his office with such adjectives as "tweedy," "professorial," and "hearty" rattling around in their minds. And more sophisticated observers than the girl at the cocktail party have been tempted to dismiss him as the kindly relic of a less nervous era.

But if Dulles is the typical picture of a 19th Century sportsman, he is also the man who stole 2,600 top secret documents from the Nazi Foreign Office, the man who coaxed along the plot that resulted in the celebrated attempt to blow up Adolf Hitler, the man whose lines of communication very likely reach into the Kremlin itself—and, it has been observed, the only man in the Western world who could lose the Cold War in a single afternoon.

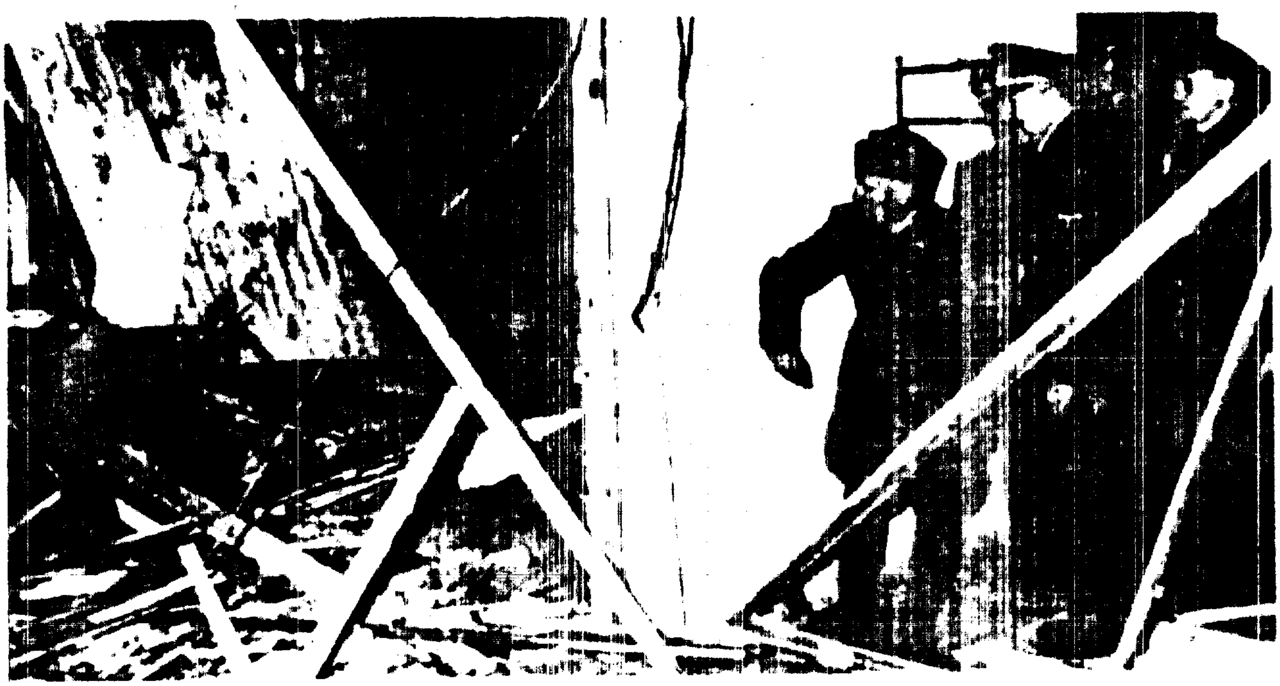
This chilling responsibility fell upon Dulles six years ago, when he became director of the top secret Central Intelligence Agency. It's his job to find out about international crises before they occur, and to keep the President and his closest advisors posted, on a minute to minute basis, on likely points of explosion around the world. In theory, Dulles' reports provide the basis for those policy decisions through which the United States goes about avoiding World War III, and the catastrophic result of a wrong guess can be easily imagined.

Dulles' job, obviously, is about as big and important as they come. To help him do it, the government has written him the biggest blank check in our history. CIA operates in absolute, inviolable secrecy. Exactly how much money Dulles' agency spends each year (and some guess, wildly, Dulles maintains, that the amount may run upwards of half a billion dollars) is a secret, and so are the names and the number of CIA's employees. Whatever the cost in money and manpower, say CIA's supporters, it is cheap if it prevents something like Pearl Harbor from happening again.

CIA was established in 1947 for the explicit purpose of preventing Pearl Harbors. The agency doesn't replace any of the old intelligence services of the Army, Navy, Air Force and State Department, but it does coordinate and evaluate the myriad scraps of information and rumor which eddy from every corner of the earth into CIA's brooding graystone headquarters. Had there been a Central Intelligence Agency on Dec. 7, 1941, instead of the split-up, rivalry-ridden intelligence system that then existed, we might have sunk the Japanese fleet before it sank ours. We had definite word that the attack was coming, but we didn't have an agency to evaluate the information, or a man like Allen Dulles who was responsible for carrying that information to the President at any hour of the day or night.

Allen Dulles is one of the few people in America who has the authority to wake the President out of a sound sleep. It is not known whether Dulles has ever had to do this, but his daily estimate of the state of the world is the first thing that greets Mr. Eisenhower's eyes upon rising. Each morning, the President [illegible] CIA's up-to-the-minute intelligence summary, a [illegible] illustrated with maps on which large arrows indicate "hot spots," as he consumes the rare beefsteak [illegible] black tea with which he customarily starts the day.

There are those who [illegible] the President does not always seem to be fully [illegible] when he hears from Dulles. It is an open secret, for example, that CIA warned [illegible] full year about the likelihood of a Soviet earth satellite before Sputnik I was launched. (Continued on page 22)



Dulles nursed along plot—and supplied bomb—which almost killed Hitler. Here, Fuehrer shows damage to Mussolini

[Continued from page 29]

space. And Dulles himself, in a rare mood of exasperation, is said to have told investigating senators that his warnings about Soviet missile progress went unheeded at the White House, where the strategic emphasis was on the B-52 and the political emphasis, as it remains to this day, upon the balanced budget.

In this connection, another favorite Washington rumor has Dulles telling the President and the National Security Council that they could damn well find somebody else to run their intelligence if they weren't going to use the enemy secrets CIA had gone to such pains to steal. The President, in whom flashes of temper are less rare than is Allen Dulles, reportedly was not amused.

After a bitter argument, as the story goes, Mr. Eisenhower is said to have told Dulles that he was a busy man—too busy to read the detailed and sometimes ponderous reports that CIA had been sending him. From this, some peacemaker suggested that Dulles might try something a little simpler—a punchy, headline style memo, with maps and arrows for quick reference. Word leaked out that Mr. Eisenhower wanted the arrows to be bright red, a report that Press Secretary James C. Hagerty speedily denied.

Whatever the truth may be in the missiles controversy, there is little tendency, in or out of the White House, to suggest that Dulles and the CIA are always right. A certain number of people, in fact, say just the opposite. One of Dulles' more lighthearted critics, syndicated columnist George Dixon, recently suggested that the best way to set Nikita Khrushchev's mind at rest about U.S. espionage activities is to "take him down and introduce him to Allen Dulles' spies. He'll soon see that he has nothing to worry about."

More solemn voices grumbled loudly last summer over CIA's performance in the Middle Eastern crisis. Dulles and his men, these critics charged, were as surprised as everybody else at those fevered events which cost the King of Iraq his life and the U.S. Marines so much inconvenience.

Referring to this in a speech last December, Dulles observed, somewhat cryptically, "If I don't report a coup coming in Iraq the blame is on me. If I report it and nothing is done the blame is on the policy committee."

Other mistakes in judgment and failures of foresight have been charged up to Dulles. Actually, the precise truth about CIA's role in any triumph or disaster of American foreign policy can never be known except to the President, the four members of the National Security Council, and to Dulles himself. Turning a mackerel eye upon praise and the other cheek to snipers, CIA's ironclad policy under Dulles has been: *Never alibi, never explain, never boast.* "In intelligence," says Dulles, "you have to take certain things on trust. If you haven't a man you can trust, or who doesn't get results, you had better throw him out."

This is not a motto calculated to kindle feelings of tolerant affection in the breasts of congressmen, prominent newsmen and others who regard it as their sacred right to be in the know. It's cold comfort to the inquisitive that virtually no one is in the know—and downright infuriating to many of them that Dulles is the only American bureaucrat in history who can't be hauled in front of the TV cameras and roasted over a slow fire.

One who feels approximately this way is Senator Mike Mansfield, who has frequently talked about submitting a bill to set up a Joint CIA Watchdog Committee, similar to the one that has kept tabs on atomic energy. If Senator Mansfield does introduce such a proposal, he can almost certainly count on the vote of his colleague from North Dakota, William Langer. Senator Langer is convinced that CIA has failed to "warn and advise of certain catastrophic dangers to the security of our nation and the world," and he wants a thorough senate investigation of Dulles' agency.

For Dulles, congressional attempts to peel off CIA's top secret label are nothing new. The late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy tried it in his heyday, when he demanded that a CIA man named William Bundy—a son-in-law of Dean Acheson—appear before his committee and tell all. Dulles, with the air of a man slapping at gnats, replied that Bundy would tell nothing. McCarthy issued subpoenas. Dulles ignored them. McCarthy then began issuing statements. CIA, he charged publicly, was riddled by communists. "That," replied Dulles, as if nothing could be more obvious, "is a lie."

However, Dulles added, he'd be glad to consider any "evidence" McCarthy might have, and it was almost possible to hear the quotation marks around the word. McCarthy, unused to being taken so lightly, snorted in a baffled way and subsided. Some time later, he did turn over some of his CIA files to an investigating task force headed by Gen. Mark W. Clark. McCarthy's charges were found to be baseless, most of the people named didn't even work for CIA.

Dulles showed no surprise at the result—but he may have been slightly taken aback a little later, when McCarthy announced his engagement and invited Mr. and Mrs. Dulles to the wedding. In response to CIA's typically inscrutable McCarthy gestures, the Dulleses sent a silver gravy boat and a note saying that they'd be pleased to attend.

If the secrets of Dulles' American critics can sometimes be strident, they are as the heavenly choir in comparison to what the Russians have to say. He is

[Continued on page 26]

[*Continued from page* 22]

apt so permit himself a small smile when some of the Soviet charges against him are mentioned. Did he, indeed, dope an entire Soviet track team and tempt them with women and Scotch whisky on the eve of an international track meet which the Americans won? Did he conspire against the rise of the satellite countries? Did he foment an anti-communist revolution in Guatemala? Did he compromise the honor of a certain communist cabinet minister? With a polite cough, Dulles says, "I am not going to deny their compliments . . . It's better that they should be a little in the dark on these matters."

If the Russians *are* in the dark, they find it an annoying place to be. "If the spy Allen Dulles," says *Pravda* in rare Biblical fury, "should get into Heaven through somebody's absent-mindedness, he would begin to blow up the clouds, mine the stars, and slaughter the angels."

Dulles' gifts as an international mischief maker are well appreciated even outside the Soviet Union. It is generally accepted, for instance, that CIA *was* behind the 1954 Guatemala revolution which overthrew the Western Hemisphere's first communist government. "And Guatemala," says a man who claims to know CIA, "*was mild*."

As Dulles is well aware, burdens go with such glory. When an anti-communist coup fails anywhere, the wiseacres of Washington automatically assume that CIA goofed. (A notable exception was Hungary: even the most cold-blooded of Dulles' critics agreed that he couldn't have had anything to do with such a bloody and hopeless struggle.)

But nobody, least of all the Russians, doubts that the devious schemes of Dulles and his men have caused lights to flick on at midnight in the Kremlin. It would be neither fair nor profitable to ask Dulles the specifics of these schemes, but in his reasonable, pipe-puffing way he has laid down a general principle. "We would be foolish," he says, "if we did not cooperate with our friends abroad to help them do everything they can to expose and counter the communist movement."

There is no doubt, either, that Dulles and his agents, through a combination of tough professional methods and ready cash, have won to some fast and useful friends even behind the Iron Curtain. It has been anything but an easy job, and nobody knows how much blood and sweat had to be spilled before Dulles would concede that there is today a "fairly active underground" at work in the Soviet Union.

When he speaks of the difficulties of operating behind the Iron Curtain, and of getting information through it, a suggestion of tenseness comes into his manner. He leans forward in his chair, unsmiling, and jabs the point home with the stem of his pipe. "It's the toughest job intelligence ever had," he told me. "Germany was a pipe dream compared to what we have to meet now."

What Dulles does not say—does not even hint—is that CIA has been doing this toughest of all jobs astonishingly [illegible] of each new Soviet missile as soon as it was tested. It knew a year ahead of time that Sputnik was going up, and correctly predicted what a setback this would be for U.S. prestige.

It warned in advance of the anti-Nixon riots in Venezuela, of the revolt in Indonesia, of the troubles over Quemoy. Dulles is said to have told the White House three months in advance that Khrushchev would oust his long string of partners, ending with Premier Nikolai Bulganin. (Reminded of his public hint that Marshal Zhukov might become a military dictator in the U.S.S.R., Dulles, with a cheery smile, admits his mistake. "Sure I was wrong," he says. "But so was Zhukov, or he wouldn't have been in Albania when the ax fell.")

It is also said, in the unpleasant aftertaste of the Suez affair, that Dulles agents in Israel and on Cyprus reported on the exact details of the Israeli-British-French sortie into Egypt even before the field commanders of the invading forces knew what was coming.

On its face, this is an astonishing record. What staggers the intelligence community is that Dulles has been able to build an organization that, after little more than a decade, plainly ranks with the best in the world. "Most people," says one expert, "would be happy, after such a short time, if all we had was an organization that caused the Russians some *slight* worry. But I don't think there's any doubt that the Russians—who spend six times as much as Dulles does and probably run four or five times as many agents—know damn well that they're up against some frightening competition."

When Dulles came in as director of CIA, he laid down a tough goal. "Absolute integrity," he demanded. "Keep out of politics, be absolutely fearless. Report the facts as we see them regardless of whether they're palatable or unpalatable to the policy makers."

It's certain that all of the top brass, the President included, had a pretty accurate idea that they weren't getting any milksop when they appointed Dulles. If they had any doubts about it, the job he's done and the way he's gone about doing it ("If you believe in a program," says Dulles, "you've got to break a little crockery putting it into effect") have effectively dispelled them. It's well understood that Allen Dulles is a man who looks reality in the eye, and a man who's likely to insist that politicians do likewise.

Dulles followed a master crockery-breaker into the top slot at CIA. His predecessor was Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's wartime chief of staff and a master of the cold stare and the cutting comment. Smith, joining CIA in the waning years of the Truman Administration, saw a lot wrong with it. Its methods were often something less than scientific, and some of its personnel seemed more interested in their glamorous jobs than in hard work. In his first

month on the job, the general hired no fewer than 50 dilettantes and dubious characters inherited from the more carefree wartime Office of Strategic Services.

Smith also hired a few people. One of the first was Allen Dulles, who some time before had studied the infant CIA and helped draw up a plan to put it on a professional basis. "You wrote this report," said Smith. "Now come down here and tell me how to put it in effect."

Dulles, assured that the job would take no more than six weeks, applied for a leave of absence from his law firm. He's been in Washington ever since. The professional marriage between Dulles and Bedell Smith, as so often happens between partners whose personalities don't seem to mesh, turned out to be a great success. In a very short time, Smith was asking Dulles to take over as chief of operations, and Dulles was accepting.

Under Smith and Dulles, CIA met its first big test—the Korean War. This was a conflict in which Dulles had more than a patriotic interest: his son, Allen Macy Dulles, a lieutenant in the Marines, was at the front. Young Dulles got home the hard way—with a near-fatal head wound that kept him in a hospital for many months, and from which he has never completely recovered.

The Korean experience was not without other painful moments for Dulles and the CIA. There was a nightmarish failure of intelligence involved in the disaster along the Yalu River. Gen. Douglas MacArthur's Eighth Army, strung out in the thin snow along the Manchurian Border, were completely surprised when several million Chinese soldiers came boiling over the horizon. Final blame for this catastrophe has never been fixed. One story has it that CIA told President Truman, who told MacArthur, that the Chinese would attack.

MacArthur, whose own intelligence held an opposite view, is said to have persuaded Truman otherwise, and gotten his approval for the landing at Inchon. In yet another version, the wrong guess is chalked up to CIA on the basis that it failed to evaluate a significant morsel of information: that the Chinese armies had stocked up heavily on antibiotics, indicating that they expected a major campaign and many wounds.

Despite this one spectacular wrong guess—whoever made it—CIA grew up fast in those years under Smith and Dulles. They took in hundreds of the nation's brightest young men—some from college campuses, some from careers in business, others from the armed forces. "What interested me," says Dulles, "was the idea of building up a new kind of structure in American government, creating a good intelligence organization and giving it its momentum, its start."

When Bedell Smith's old comrade in arms, Dwight D. Eisenhower, became President, Smith moved over to become Under Secretary of State. Dulles was the logical man to succeed the general. The guiding wish which Dulles is said to voice—to stay with CIA until he dies—may already have taken shape in his mind. He accepted the job with only the brief cast backward look at the large piles of cash which awaited him on Wall Street and without the [illegible] question he was being asked to fill.

When Dulles speaks of CIA being a new kind of structure in American government, it could be with a trace of wistfulness. Americans like to run their business out in the open, and the aims of any organization as sneaky as CIA are bound to be subject to a certain amount of suspicion and edgy humor. A good many people still feel as Henry Stimson felt when, in 1929, he cancelled plans for a systematic U.S. intelligence network. "Gentlemen," said Stimson, "do not read each other's mail."

And there are other factors. The traditional intelligence services—Army, Navy, Air, State—naturally don't like the idea of being coordinated and judged by an upstart. They have programs of their own to promote, while CIA, as Dulles so succinctly points out, "has no axes to grind and no backs to scratch."

Then there were always the other clandestine organizations—the Treasury Department, with its Secret Service and Immigration Service agents and, of course, the FBI. Although CIA has no police powers—a deliberate device thought up by Congress to keep it from turning into a Gestapo—there is a certain amount of jealousy and conflict among the various undercover services. Several years ago there was a free-for-all in a downtown Washington restaurant. The Three Musketeers, involving some Immigration men and CIA agents. Each took the other to be communist agents, and there were many bleeding noses and swollen eyes before some cooler heads retired to a corner and flashed credentials at one another.

CIA and FBI men don't usually come to blows, but they have had their moments. The two agencies never operate in each other's territory—CIA being charged with espionage overseas, and the FBI with counter espionage, among other things, in the U.S. There are other basic differences between the organizations, some of which may be traceable to the differences in the personalities of the men at the top. Where Allen Dulles is somewhat of his men, with the idea of keeping them on as career employes, J. Edgar Hoover is, by all accounts, a driver, with the result that not many FBI agents accumulate much seniority. Where Dulles has made CIA publicity shy, Hoover has built the FBI on a solid base of publicity, public sympathy and understanding. "When we fail," says a CIA man, "we keep our mouths shut. The FBI makes another movie."

And it's not likely that any CIA man would tell a story on his boss like this one, recounted by a former FBI man. J. Edgar Hoover says he, former agent, attended a funeral for an FBI man killed in line of duty and found himself alone in the church. "There was nobody there," says the man, "but Hoover and God, and tension mounted between him at every moment."

Some of Mr. Hoover's strong personality has filtered down to the point, says one CIA man, where the FBI is prone to think of CIA as a minor partner. They [illegible]

vising us—and they're not above stealing one of our agents if they think they can use him themselves."

To bring order out of this tangle of jealousies and ruptured traditions took a strong and patient man who, in addition, was experienced enough in intrigue, subversion and espionage to beat the communists at it. To the top figures of American government, Allen Dulles seemed just the ticket—and, after six years, he still does.

Allen Welsh Dulles, at 66, confesses that he likes to read himself to sleep with spy thrillers and the mystery novels of Erle Stanley Gardner. But he softly insists that his own career, however spectacular it may seem on the surface, bears little resemblance to the adventuresome, hard-breathing spies of popular fiction. "I've never been shot at," says Dulles with his easy smile. "And I don't know that anyone has ever tried to kidnap me."

All questions along this line are turned aside with a quick charm. Dulles, always aware that his prime value and protection lie in preventing any real knowledge of himself seeping out, speaks always in general terms.

The fact remains, however, that he has been close to danger for 40 years. He has been the key figure in conspiracies which have involved the fate of kings, dictators and whole nations of people. And out of the deep resources of his personality, he has somehow nearly always won the day. His technique, according to one close observer, is simple: Dulles, in dealing with shifty types, acts like what he certainly is not—an ordinary human being.

In a profession which feeds upon disguise, deceit and hurried whispers, he has never seemed to lose what might be called his "sense of honor." He is cordial, honest, true to his word; no gentleman would promise what he could not do, and neither does Dulles. "Through the murk of international intrigue, Dulles plunges," says one wit, "like a knight of old. He acts like the last thing anyone expects a master spy to be—a gentleman by instinct. No wonder he confuses the enemy."

Gazing from his office window and ruminating on the life of a spy, Dulles says: "You always need cloak and dagger men, but you don't want them to act in a cloak and dagger way. That's the main thing."

Allen Dulles is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and there have been three secretaries of state and assorted ambassadors, envoys and other distinguished men in his family. The Dulleses are used to remarkable things from their men and so no one at home is very surprised at the success that Allen and Foster have had in Washington. They take it as a matter of course, and they are as comfortable in their fame as they are in their wealth.

When Dulles comes home of an evening his wife does not ask if he has saved or lost the world that afternoon; she tells him what's for supper and gives him a drink. Afterwards they are likely to play a game of cribbage or get up a family game of bridge. Mr. and Mrs. Dulles avoid the cocktail circuit as much as possible; when they do go they usually make a graceful exit after one drink, often because Allen has an appointment with somebody who does not think it safe to come out except at night.

Dulles showed signs of being as remarkable as the rest of his kin early in life. He wrote a book when he was 8. It was a 31-page history of the Boer War, heavily slanted toward the cause of the Boers. "England," wrote the young Dulles, "ought to be content if she has the mines where the gold is, but no, she wants to have the land too." Fond relatives had the book printed; to everyone's surprise it sold 1,000 copies and earned $1,500, which the author turned over to the Boer Relief Fund. Years later the book bore [illegible] When Dulles asked Columbia [illegible] Professor Alfred Todd for the hand of his winsome daughter Clover, the professor rushed down to the college library to see if Clover's suitor had published anything. He found a card reading: "DULLES, ALLEN W. *The Boer War*, a history." Professor Todd looked no farther before blessing the match.

Unlike his brother, who is said to have decided while still in grammar school that he would one day become secretary

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America's Global Sherlock

[Continued from page 29]

of state, Allen Dulles set no goals for himself early in life. At Princeton, he cut a broad swath in the classroom and out: where Foster had been the aloof intellectual, Allen was the witty and adept social lion. He studied enough, however, to graduate with a Phi Beta Kappa key. Thus equipped, he set out to work his way around the world as a teacher of English. To get to his first job—a $500-a-year post at Allahabad Christian College in India—he boarded a ship for Europe, figuring that it was better to see Paris and Rome than 8,000 miles of empty Pacific.

Dulles was seated at a sidewalk cafe in Paris, sipping vermouth, when he read in a French newspaper of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria. The news, he now admits, did not strike him as particularly ominous: he was only 21, and he was in Paris. But it was the excuse the Kaiser had been waiting for, and as Dulles resumed his journey to India, the imperial German Armies goose-stepped into the Low Countries.

The Kaiser did not know it, but he had made a mistake that was to have painful consequences for another generation of Germans. He had inadvertently opened the door for Allen Dulles' career in espionage. Within the year, the genial young American teacher was back in Europe. This time, he was in Vienna as a Foreign Service officer assigned to political intelligence. Dulles wasn't in the Austrian capital long before America entered the war. Burning his secret documents, he lit out for neutral Switzerland.

There, charged with responsibility for gathering intelligence on southeast Europe, Dulles hatched the first of the grandiose plots which were to become his trademark. Utilizing the contacts he had made in Vienna, he organized a scheme to lead Austria-Hungary out of the German camp. With glowing good spirits and frank optimism, he met with all kinds of disaffected noblemen, professional agents—anybody who might contribute to the success of the plan. But before the plot could come to fruition, fresh American troops had decided the issue in a less subtle way. The Germans applied for an armistice.

Dulles' name, as a result of his machinations in Switzerland, had cropped up in some strange places. One of the people who heard it was a bearded, wildly radical journalist named Nicolai Lenin. One day, Lenin showed up in Geneva, asking for an interview with Mr. Allen Dulles. Dulles, seeing no reason why he should waste his scarce time talking to anyone named Lenin, refused the appointment—an act he still recalls with a visible twinge. Since then, he's made it a policy to see almost anyone who wishes to talk with him.

After the armistice, Dulles, like his brother, worked on the Paris Peace Conference. Then he was posted at Berlin and Constantinople before returning to Washington as chief of the State Department's Near Eastern Affairs division. Foster, meanwhile, had set aside his plans [illegible] to make some money as a member of the Wall Street law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. A brotherly comparison of paychecks convinced Allen that he should do likewise. After taking a law degree at George Washington University, he resigned his post—and shot off a peppery letter outlining his views on the miserable pay scale of the Foreign Service. "The letter," he recalls happily, "made quite a splash. I think it may have had something to do with upping salaries."

Dulles stayed on Wall Street, where upping salaries is no problem, until the outbreak of World War II. Then Gen. William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan called him for duty in the OSS. Dulles was one of the few professionals available to OSS, and Donovan handed him the organization's toughest assignment. He was sent to Switzerland with orders to take over the European operations of OSS.

Late in 1942, as U.S. troops poured ashore in Africa, Dulles dashed across Spain and Vichy France, which was as yet unoccupied by the Germans. At the Swiss border, he found the way blocked by a French official who was working under the baleful eye of a Gestapo man. Dulles' impassioned references to Lafayette and Pershing left the Frenchman unmoved—until the Gestapo man strolled away to a nearby cafe for his usual noontime beer. Then, with a broad wink, the Frenchman turned his back to admire the scenery and Dulles, coattails flying and briefcase flapping, was through the gate and over the border. He was the last American to enter Switzerland legally for more than two years.

Had the Nazi High Command learned of this incident, they undoubtedly would have drowned the backsliding Gestapo officer in a hogshead of his brew. During the next few years, Allen Dulles and his agents were to turn most of Occupied Europe into a deathtrap for German soldiers, infiltrate the highest councils of the German government, and even provide the bomb that came within a hair of taking the life of Adolf Hitler himself.

From his headquarters in Bern, Allen Dulles masterminded, sustained and supplied an underground resistance movement that reached into France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria, North Africa and Germany itself. German divisions which should have been [illegible] the Allies found that they had their hands full just staying alive behind their own lines.

While OSS and its partisan bands marauded the occupied countryside, other Dulles operatives were at work in Germany itself. One of these sent him a secret message which led to one of the most spectacular intelligence triumphs of the war—Dulles' discovery that the Germans were working on a secret weapon against which there was no defense: a weapon that might have won the war for the Nazis.

The weapon was Wehrner von Braun's V-2 rocket, the first true ballistic missile. Dulles reported that the Germans were testing the rockets, in large numbers, on a firing range near Peenemunde, on the Baltic Coast. The significance of this registered immediately upon the Allied High Command, and on Aug. 17, 1943, 400 heavy bombers took off from British bases and streamed over the Channel coast. For four solid hours, high explosive fell from the bellies of the B-17's, turning the German rocket base into a boiling mass of flame and smoke. The [illegible] was awful, and the Germans [illegible] their rocket program completely back in gear. The V-2's, delayed [illegible] first massive raid and others that [illegible] got into mass production too [illegible] decisive weapon.

In Bern, Allen Dulles, though tired to the bone and frequently ill with gout, was working most of the night, every night. His headquarters was the whole city: the U.S. Embassy, a collection of secret houses, cafes. It was a punishing schedule, but dark is the season of spies, and Dulles was seeing a lot of them.

One who came to him under cover of darkness was a German Foreign Office official who, to this day, Dulles will identify only by the code name "George Wood." Wood, earlier in the war, had tried to do business with British Intelligence, but they had turned him down. When Wood offered 2,600 secret documents from the highest Nazi diplomatic files, Dulles decided to take a chance on him.

The chance paid off. Wood, a violent anti-Nazi, delivered one of the biggest single harvests of enemy information ever to pass into the hands of an intelligence organization. Among his papers were a set of documents which solved a mystery that had long been troubling the British—who, in the British Embassy in Turkey, had been selling vital Allied secrets to the Germans. The almost comic answer was: Cicero, valet to Ambassador Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen. Cicero, later celebrated in the movie *Five Fingers*, became the most famous spy of World War II, and mention of his name still infuriates British Intelligence.

Soon after Dulles had pocketed the last of George Wood's documents he heard that another gentleman from Germany wished to see him. The two men rendezvoused in a hotel room—Dulles fresh from his headquarters in the Embassy, the German, in careful civilian clothes, just in from the highest councils of the Hitler government.

"We circled each other like wary dogs," says Dulles, "neither of us sure how far [illegible]."

Finally, the German stated the issue. He was Hans Bernd [illegible] to the chief of German Army Intelligence. He and his chief and several other key German officers had a plan in which they believed Dulles and his government would be interested. "We will," Gisevius said, "assassinate Adolf Hitler."

Gisevius had been right: Dulles was interested. Gisevius named the date of the assassination and the conspirators–Admiral Canaris, the chief of intelligence; Field Marshal Kluge and Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. The bomb would be placed by a trusted German officer who was instructed to wait until Hitler and his two chief deputies, Hermann Goering and SS Chief Heinrich Himmler, were all in the same room. When those three were out of the way, a new, anti-Nazi German government would be formed, and it would immediately sue for peace.

Dulles lost no time in bringing the plot to the attention of his government. As Gisevius crossed the border back into his own country, Dulles' radio operators were sending coded messages across the Atlantic. The startling answer came back: Not interested.

Dulles made all the obvious arguments. The war would end months sooner than expected; the Red Army would be stalled before it had penetrated any farther into Europe. It was smart business to play along with any anti-Nazi group. But allied armies were sweeping across Europe, unconditional surrender was in sight, and Washington had other things on its mind.

Meanwhile, couriers were creeping steadily back and forth across the Swiss border between Dulles and Gisevius. Somehow–nobody has ever really admitted anything–the German plotters came into possession of a special time bomb which had been developed for the OSS, and was readily available to Dulles. The bomb fitted neatly into a briefcase, and was set off by a silent acid device. It was perfect for the job.

Despite the lack of enthusiasm from Washington, Dulles continued to do everything he could to encourage and help the plotters. Finally, after two attempts which fizzled when Hitler failed to show up at the last minute, the anti-Nazis [illegible]

At 12:35 on July 20, 1944, a one-eyed, one-armed Prussian aristocrat, Col. Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, one of the few Germans trusted enough to enter Hitler's presence without being searched, carried the bomb-laden briefcase into the briefing room at Hitler's East Front Headquarters near Rastenburg, in East Prussia.

Hitler and the others were gathered around a large, oblong table on which military maps were spread. Stauffenberg placed his briefcase under the table, thus putting the secret bomb scarcely six feet to Hitler's right. At 12:40, as arranged, Stauffenberg was called from the room to take a telephone call. An operations officer of the General Staff, Colonel Brandt, stepped into Stauffenberg's place. The briefcase was in his way, and he pushed it aside with the tip of his boot. It was now a little farther away from Hitler, and the slight change in position placed a leg of the table between Hitler and the briefcase.

Thirty seconds later, when the bomb went off, Hitler was leaning over the map with his right arm resting on the table. This arm was paralyzed, and his right leg was burned and cut. Both of his eardrums were damaged and, after that, he was always slightly deaf. Colonel Brandt was one of four killed in the explosion.

Hitler, with the help of his generals, was able to walk to his quarters. A few hours later, he was on the radio, assuring the German people that he was in good health, and promising that the plotters would be caught and punished.

In Bern, Allen Dulles sat beside a radio in his quarters, listening to the speech. No one needed to describe the scene in Germany to him. From his agents, he already had word that Hitler had ordered wholesale execution of anyone even suspected of being connected with the plot. With a touch of the sickness he must have felt then, Allen Dulles says: "The blood purge began. Thousands were rounded up, tortured and killed in order that Hitler's Thousand Year Reich might last another 290 days."

Among the handful who escaped was Hans Bernd Gisevius. With a forged Gestapo passport and an SS identification [illegible] supplied by Dulles, he fled into Switzerland. After the war, Dulles arranged for his entry into the United States, and he now lives in Dallas.

Gisevius's offer was not the last Dulles was to receive from a German. As he went about his work in Switzerland tying up the last threads of his intelligence operations, a courier from the head of SS in Italy reached him. The SS man, Obergruppenfuehrer Wolff, was ready to surrender two million troops rather than comply with an insane order from Berlin to massacre Northern Italy.

Dulles lost no time in opening negotiations. With forged credentials supplied by the American, Wolff and his aides commuted across the Swiss border for talks. Finally, after Dulles' men had rescued a German general from Italian partisans who were intent on slitting his throat, the surrender order was signed at Caserta on May 2, 1945, taking two million crack German troops out of action two full weeks before the end of the war.

When the war ended, Dulles set out for Berlin. There, as head of the OSS German mission, he compiled a complete record of the German underground, and did what he could for the men who survived the plot against Hitler.

And there, also, it must be assumed, Dulles turned the eyes of his organization toward the East, where the Soviet Bloc was just forming. The Russians today are hardly certain that Dulles was up to no good, and occasionally they arrange for a public statement to prove it. In 1949, for instance, Hungarian Foreign Minister Laszlo Rajk, on trial for treason, confessed at length about his plots with Dulles and Tito. Reminded of this, Dulles smiles and changes the subject. Pushing his glasses up on his forehead, smiling his genial smile, he repeats: "It is better that the Soviets should be kept a little in the dark on these matters."

If the Russians are in the dark about Dulles, they have plenty of company. And in a business where, as Dulles says, you have to take the man in charge on faith and judge him by his results, this may be a very good sign.

–William Nathan

[redacted]

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Next 5 Page(s) In Document Exempt

MEMORANDUM FOR: Mr. Dulles

I have checked rather carefully in "Germany's Underground" and find that there is no specific date mentioned on your first meeting with Hans Gisevius. The attached letter gives the dates as close as I can determine them from an examination of your book.

[redacted]
FMC

17 September 1959
(DATE)

FORM NO. 1 AUG 54 101 REPLACES FORM 10-101 WHICH MAY BE USED. (47)

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